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REV. D^R MILEY'S
FUNERAL ORATION
ON THE DEATH OF
THE LIBERATOR,

PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF THE CONCEPTION, AUGUST 4, 1847.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A FULL AND DETAILED ACCOUNT
OF
THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES
CELEBRATED AT ROME.
BY THE REV. D^R KIRBY.



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THE ORATION.

“ And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying which is written : DEATH SHALL BE SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY ”
—I. *Corinthians*, xv. 54.

WOULD I deny that he is dead ? Alas ! alas ! how could I ? That dread mystery called death, did we not behold it gathering gradually but irresistibly over limb and feature, reducing them to stillness rigid as marble and silent as the grave, until at last it sat enthroned upon his kingly forehead like a shadow of eternity ? How could we gain-say that he is dead ? Was it not this miserable right hand—alas the day !—that closed his eyes, his lips, on the accents of which millions used to hang enchanted ? And if in the distraction of our bereavement we could be tempted to deny that he is dead, would we not be refuted and rebuked by the agony of our own bosoms, by the void never, alas ! I fear to be filled up, which the departure of his life has left, not alone in his own broken-hearted country, but through all nations ? No, no, alas ! denied, doubted it cannot be, that he is dead. Too true it is that the Destroyer, terrible and ruthless, who, entering close as it's shadow upon the steps of Sin, hath never ceased, since the original transgression, to track his victims through every clime and age, hath lain in ambush for him also in his pilgrimage. In Genoa the Superb the stroke which no skill can ward, no strength resist, which no entreaties can stay or turn aside, descended ; falling upon him not by surprise, however, but serene and self-possessed, as he ever was in life, and perfectly ready and prepared to meet it.

Yes, the stroke has fallen ; but if religion has even more than staunched the wound, pouring in such Heaven-descended virtue by her sacraments as not alone to take from Death his sting, but to prepare even for his body a state of being ineffably more glorious than that which it before enjoyed, and a state that is to know no misery, no death ; if O'Connell's fame, the imperishable element of energy that was in his principles and in his deeds, has turned round, not fearing to confront the “ King of Terrors,” and disarming him of his most dreaded weapons and insignia, has made of them so many trophies ; if all this be true (and that it is, not we alone, but all the nations of the world, now echoing with his renown, bear witness), why then may we not, in the words of the Apostle, say of him, that “ this mortal hath put on immortality,” and that the mystery to be crowned and consummated in the general resurrection has already had it's beginning ?

Immortal in the wonders he has achieved, still more so in the means and in the impulses and principles by which he was enabled to effect those wonders; pervading the whole world by his renown; destined to be remembered with admiration and gratitude to the most remote posterity; and destined, by virtue of his characteristic system to be felt potently and beneficently, interfering in the amelioration of society to the most distant ages, not alone in his native land, but in every other land that is oppressed or needs reform; why may it not be said, and said correctly, as to all that is most formidable and portentous in this monster, that "Death," for O'Connell, "is swallowed up in victory"?

The haughtiest Cæsars who ever wore the Roman purple, you know what treatment *they* met with at the hands of death—how ignominiously *they* succumbed beneath his power—their sceptre shivered—their diadem trampled in the dust—their bodies, idolised before, not only stripped of the imperial mantle, but torn and dragged through the mire with every species of atrocious insult, to be flung naked and disfigured as a feast for kites and dogs, or consigned to the great receptacle of the Seven Hilled City's filth as their only sepulchre. Even that king who, in later centuries, succeeded in identifying the idea of "conquest" with his very name—William of Normandy—you know how he was abandoned the moment he was struck by death. Forsaken by all his proud barons and courtiers, putrifying and uncoffined, his body was forsaken, a spectacle of disgust and horror, until some religious men, through charity, consigned it to the earth.

Nor can it be asserted that these are but exceptions to the general rule of death. No; from hour to hour his shadow deepens over the victims whom he has vanquished; the wreath of glory is withered by the miasma he exhales. Oblivion is the device upon the seal of death.

But the knell by which death would announce his victory over him whose funeral we celebrate to-day—has it not reëchoed through the nations as the signal of resurrection for O'Connell's fame, for the appreciation of his greatness, of his worth, of the inestimable value of his principles, more vivid, more widely diffused, profound, and enthusiastic, than ever was known to attach to them in the palmiest days of life?

You know, the whole world knows, how Rome received his heart. Her history spreads over more than thirty centuries, and is emblazoned with pageants and triumphs without number; but you will search it paragraph by paragraph in vain to find another instance of such a triumph as this "mother of dead empires"—this capital of Christ's kingdom upon earth—has solemnly voted and rendered to our Liberator's memory.

There is a sort of muffled rumour, I am told, that the expenses of that Roman triumph are to be paid by us. How could anything so stupidly absurd have been imagined, not to say believed? No, believe me, it is not thus that Rome acquits herself of her triumphs. It is not thus, believe me, that Romans paid their tribute to O'Connell.

His funeral was ordered by the supreme Pontiff of Rome: his Holiness ordered that it should be princely: but the Romans, in their enthusiasm for our Liberator's memory, not only fulfilled their duty in complying with his injunction, they surpassed it. They gathered round his cenotaph the arts in which they stand preëminent, such as music, sculpture, painting, and that majestic eloquence of which their Ventura is such a master. The work of preparation knew no pause. It was urged forward by night as well as by day; and in the treasures which it cost there was not one half-farthing of alien coin. This is what the Romans, the "*ordo populusque Romanus*," not only did not seek, but would not suffer. But Pius the Ninth would not be excluded: from his scanty treasures, and with his own consecrated hands, the Pontiff presented a large contribution. The cross which was borne before the cardinals at the absolution was the Pope's; the Pope's vestments, lent by express order, were worn in the Requiem. It was his Eminence Cardinal Baluffi, who succeeded to the see of Imola, the late diocese of Pius the Ninth, that gave the absolution on the first day; on the second day of the obsequies it was given by Cardinal Castrecane, the Grand Penitentiary, whose office and exclusive privilege it is to give the last absolution to the popes.

The funeral oration was rehearsed beforehand in the hearing of the Pope: when it was intimated that there might be some difficulty as to its being published in Rome, the Pontiff smiled. You know what has been the consequence: stamped with the *imprimatur* of the master of the sacred palace, the funeral oration of O'Connell by the great and good Ventura, published at Rome (and published uncurtailed), is now read with admiration throughout all Christian countries.

The Governor of Rome was present; so were the ambassadors of the various courts of Europe, cardinals, prelates of the Papal court, bishops, archbishops, and patriarchs from every region of the globe. The students of the Pope's own seminary assisted; the civic guards of Rome, with their colonel and officers at their head, were marshalled round our Liberator's cenotaph; the parish priests of Rome would have none but themselves to fill even the inferior offices of the sanctuary on this occasion.

Never was there a tribute more exclusively and purely Roman; never was there a tribute paid with enthusiasm more ardent and disinterested. The very professors from the choirs of St. Peter, of the Sistine Chapel, the Lateran, the Liberian Basilica, and the other basilicas, would accept no payment, though the wonders of their execution were such as it was said on all hands had seldom, if ever before, been witnessed even in Rome itself.

Thus fared it with O'Connell's heart. His body now lying there in state before you, invested and surrounded with so much pomp—so venerated and bewailed by millions, has the destroyer Death been able to strip of all honour—to maltreat, insult, and mock it as it is his wont even with the remains of the mightiest of our kind, and those who were best beloved? That Carlovingian emperor, whose sway extended from the Elbe to the Atlantic, and spread far away beyond

the Alps, on the side of that same thoroughfare by which O'Connell's body was brought along, was not *his* body obliged to be abandoned? But, to receive O'Connell's remains, and pay them honour, the Church militant of France was under arms, with the glorious successor of St. Ireneus at its head. That gallant people, which has ever been, and still deserves to be arranged in the vanguard of Christendom, they deplored, they almost resented as an indignity, that they were not afforded the opportunity to manifest how great was their admiration and their affection for him who belonged not alone to Ireland, but to universal Christianity.

It may seem, perhaps, to have been a forlorn destiny that for over two thousand miles, we, so few and so obscure, who had been the companions of his pilgrimage, should alone have followed his body on it's journey to the grave; but on a moment's thought it will be seen that this was the grandest and most solemnly affecting stage in all his funeral; for in the absence of human kind, the universe itself, and in it's sublimest attitudes, came around to our assistance. The wailing of the deep, the moaning of the forest, the sobbing of the waterfall away among the mountains, the eagle's cry, and the incense which is inhaled from hill-side and meadow, were mingled round his hearse. Recal whatever happened in, or belonging to this great tragedy from first to last, from the advent of the King of Terrors in the palace halls of the "superb city," to this solemn and almost triumphant hour, and say, are not it's shadows, not to say relieved, but overpowered by the brilliant, the sublime, the exhilarating memories abounding in it—the sky of Italy, the waters that murmur and sparkle along the Ligurian Riviera (the fairest region of the globe), the gorges of the hills where Ligurian patriots so often and so long drove back the aggressive force of Rome, Marengo, and Turin, and "Alexandria of Victory," without an hundred other historic scenes; the sunny vineyards and teeming valleys of Piedmont, the pasturages, the orchards, the joyful hamlets and homesteads of many a remote province on both sides of the Jura; the modern capital, the mediæval ruin; the town alive with commerce, the smiling landscape, the lake, the thoroughfare, the majestic river, the harvest plain—we cannot recal his funeral's progress without remembering all these. The snow-crowned Alps beheld the sad *cortège* in voiceless wo, and shed down cataracts of tears. The nightingale was heard as we journeyed along under the pall of darkness to entone his dirge; the songsters which hail the coming day so joyously, seemed to cast in a note of sorrow as we passed onward; and the Alpine rivers, bounding up from their fountain cradles, rushed after us, bursting through every species of opposition, over rocks, through dark and fathomless ravines, and down the headlong precipices, determined not to be left behind.

It was still seed time when death came upon him; since then, we have seen the harvest home and housed in sunnier climes, and even now with ourselves it is whitening for the sickle; but let this august solemnity in which the whole Church and nation of the Irish people are represented—let the scenes of mingled wo and enthusiasm which

we have witnessed during those days past, but which no language can describe; let the emotion, the gushing sympathies, not of this vast assembly alone, but of the entire nation, declare whether the anathema of death has had effect—whether that mocker who makes a sport of friendship's covenants, and gives to the scoffing winds the most vehement vows and protestations of the passions, has been able to crush O'Connell's memory, or whether it has not made manifest that death for him has, as to its bitterest part and most dreaded consequences at least, been "swallowed up in victory"? I speak not now of the hushed tribulation of the countless myriads who watched us through their tears from all the surrounding shores as the sea-chapel was approaching, or of the thousands of a people once most hostile to him, who trod with such reverence on Sunday last the deck where it was erected. The British soldier stood beside his bier, and wept prayerfully and in silence; the sailor and the fisherman when they descried from afar the cross that floated above where the body of O'Connell rested, fell with bended knees upon the deck, and sobbed his *requiem*. Of these things I speak not, for they are known to every one; but I ask has not every dialect in Europe been made familiar with his name, with his system, his achievements, with the minutest incidents connected with his history? Has not his memory become more potent to secure adoption for his theories, and impart to them efficiency, than even his own living presence ever was? It is not in his own country alone that his memory is cherished with an enthusiasm which bids defiance to the dulling influence of death. As late as November next the aisles of Notre Dame in Paris are to reëcho with his requiem, and his eulogy is to be pronounced by that cowed orator of France, who in the presence of assemblies preëminently scientific and addicted to scepticism, if not to infidelity, has the magic power to enkindle as much enthusiasm for the Faith as St. Bernard used to do in the times of the Crusaders.

In this, the destiny of O'Connell, it will be said, is singular. Yes, you will find nothing to be compared to it in the annals of the human race. Never, to the memory of emperor or potentate of any order hath been paid such honours. But is it not just and congruous that in death he should have no equal—I mean amongst the heroes who live in history—since for merits he had no equal in his life? I know of no other hero for whom one cannot find a counterpart in history; but I maintain that for O'Connell there is none. He stands alone in the annals of the world.

I am aware how this assertion will be derided, held up to scornful mockery; but let us put it to the test. The proofs of it are familiar to yourselves, my brethren, as household words. And it is well they are so; for how else could I, upon a notice which I received but yesterday, have ventured to ascend the giddy eminence on which you see me now, in the hope to obtain for these proofs their legitimate result? Indeed nothing but the dread, the certainty that we would be disgraced through Christendom were he who made our altars free permitted to go down in ignominious silence to the grave, could have emboldened me to an attempt, which, even with this to palliate it, could not still, I

believe, have escaped being stigmatised as rash, had not the funeral oration pronounced at Rome already lifted his name above the reach of slander and oblivion. I know his renown is safe. I am emboldened by this. Most reverend lords, very reverend and well-beloved brethren, I am encouraged by your forbearance. I know my own weakness perfectly. But though apparently so impossible for such powers, the task is easy, and invoking most humbly and earnestly the aid of Heaven, I approach it without dread of failure, because I know that, to make good what I have advanced, I have only to declare aloud what is perfectly well known and understood by every one who hears me.

It is known to all in what a prostrate state he found his country. It's religion was held to be anathema. To profess it was to be an outlaw. To obtain the franchises and honours of the state, it was not enough to abjure it's most sacred mysteries and dogmas; it was, moreover, indispensable to curse them, stigmatising them as damnable by solemn oath upon the holy evangelists of God. The highest law authorities in the realm proclaimed that this state of things could not be changed without overturning the British constitution. The British people were against the change; the navies, the armies, the parliaments, the press, were against it, as were the most darling interests and most exasperated passions. The heir-apparent swore that no such change should be permitted. Monarch after monarch was known to be bigoted against the measure of emancipation. To you, my most reverend lords, it's guardians and rulers, I appeal as to what the condition is in which O'Connell left, and had long since placed the church. You will bear witness that he made it the envy of Christendom, rending every fetter that had involved it for ages, and obtaining for it a liberty and independence the most perfect of any portion of the whole church of Christ.

This is a fact as certain as the existence of the Irish church itself.

Again, there was in each city and town of Ireland a fortress of civil and religious tyranny, erected to keep green and ever bleeding the wound of conquest, to outrage and oppress the vast majority of the nation. By them the Catholics were excluded from every office and even from the lowest crafts. The fountains of justice were poisoned by them, and perverted from a blessing into a new and bitter source of spoliation and oppression for the people. They were proclaimed to be grouted into the foundations of the state, that removed or stirred they could not be. But did not O'Connell, and that almost unaided, raise them to the ground, and plant as many fortresses of liberty upon their ruins?

Is not this fact as notorious as the other? Is it not well known that the reform of the corporations was his work as well as the emancipation of the church? History will judge it, perhaps, to be the greater and more difficult exploit of the two.

Finally, during seven hundred years of struggles incessantly renewed, the Celtic aborigines had been defeated and crushed by their Anglo-Norman conquerors, and the prostrate race was never lower or

in case more desperate than when O'Connell determined to place the fallen on a perfect equality with the aggressor. You know what was the issue. Did he not turn back the tide of victory upon the haughty oppressors of his country?

That these are notorious facts cannot be questioned: it is equally notorious, or at least it ought to be, that the achievement of such things has won for O'Connell the palm from all the greatest names that shine in history. He is greater than they, because the things he effected are more wonderful; greater still, because he succeeded without the aid of the immense resources which they had in every instance at their command—nay, but with these resources arrayed against him; but, above all, he surpasses them, because the means by which he conquered were never even thought of for such purposes by any other statesman, patriot, or conqueror, before he adopted them; and because they are infallible in their efficacy, enduring in their results, and beneficent instead of being the occasion of crime and misery in their operation.

I know how ludicrous it will sound to those who are dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of war—vain-glorious war—and by the sophisms of history so called, to hear the achievements of O'Connell put not on a level with those of Napoleon, of Cæsar, or Constantine, of Hannibal or of Charlemagne, but above them; but before we suffer ourselves to be blinded by such delusions, let us first listen dispassionately to the testimony of competent and candid witnesses, and next try the merits by the facts themselves. "On one side," says this authority (the Padre Ventura, in speaking of O'Connell), "were political interests, and the rivalry of fortune; class privileges, and the prejudices of education; national antipathy, and religious hate; the opposition of the king, and the repugnance of the people; and to crown all, a heresy which, during three hundred years, had struck root deeply in the soil, and was in possession of the land, of the country's wealth, of its navy, its army, and its parliament. On one side, in short, were ranged all the passions and errors, and the whole talent, wealth, and power of the empire; while on the other stood a private gentleman—poor, as compared with the wealth opposed to him; helpless, as contrasted with the enormous power he set at defiance, and belonging to a servile nation and a proscribed race; that private gentleman, designated by his foes as equally rash and foolhardy; accused alternately of ambition and of fanaticism, insulted, derided, despised, and threatened. That private gentleman, however, strong in a cause supported and blessed by his religion, overcame those numerous and powerful opponents; and that colossal power, which by its mere will determines the destinies of humanity, which knows no resistance, and triumphs over all, was itself successfully resisted, vanquished, and triumphed over by O'Connell. Oh, truly great, most singular and stupendous event, which has changed the appearance of Europe, and conferred honour on the present century! Although consummated beneath our eyes, posterity may well doubt the records of its history; for of it may be said, 'Opus factum est in

diebus nostris quod nemo credet cum narrabitur !” These are the words of one removed to such a distance from the excitements in which we are placed, as to be entitled to be regarded as one, if I may so speak, of a contemporaneous posterity ; and hear how he reiterates again the same position, and, if possible, with still greater emphasis : “Where is there to be found in history such an example ? Show me, in the records of the human race, another instance of a single man who for fifty years, unwearied and unintimidated, sustained a contest with the most powerful state in the world, and above which he still rose superior in vigour, in courage, and in constancy.”

No. The religion of Rome—detested Rome—made free, preëminently free, within these realms and their immense dependencies ; the strongholds of bigotry, extortion, and injustice of every description converted into the strongholds of civil and religious liberty ; the errors and defeats and misfortunes of seven centuries redeemed by the most brilliant and decisive triumph of the vanquished over the invading race ; this, with the genius which rendered O’Connell, while a private citizen, a “great power” in the estimation of every cabinet in the world, a greater terror to the despot, and a surer hope for the enslaved in every land, than if he had the legions of an emperor at his back, has also left him without any counterpart in history.

Of Hannibal it may be said, for instance, that in stratagem, in effecting extraordinary things with means apparently most inadequate, but above all, in carrying on a war of unexampled victories in the heart of a hostile country, and with enemy’s resources, that he was like O’Connell. In felicity the great Scipio Africanus was like him, if not in something else. In the grace with which he wielded the pen, and in his all but matchless eloquence, great Cæsar resembled him. As an orator, Cicero was like him in grace and copiousness, but not in the fire of Demosthenes, which Tully wanted. In later times, we may say in the days in which we live, Napoleon may be likened to the Liberator in the magic influence of his very presence and of his glance, and in that electric power of his word to move and wield the most fiery masses. In what shall I compare him with another chief, renowned in our own times, who ignominiously disowned his country ? Charlemagne, like him, evoked order from confusion, had the power of organization in a preëminent degree—like him, promoted knowledge and religion, imparted permanency to society, by depending more on mortal than brute force. In fine, he was a Catholic, and did battle as the champion of the See of Peter. Between Constantine the Great and O’Connell there is the striking and obvious parallel that both of them led forth the persecuted followers of Christ, and, as if by visible aid from Him, from three centuries of bondage and martyrdom into perfect liberty and security.—Thus, between him and all who are preëminently great in history we find traits of resemblance, but when we come to annalyse the achievements they effected, and above all, the means they used, here ends the parallel, leaving in these respects our Liberator preëminently above them all. If we would find one most nearly his counterpart in greatness, perhaps it is

the hero of the Ireland of the east—John Sobieski, King of Poland—we should select. They were like each other in their chivalrous fidelity in nuptial life, in the exuberance of their affections for their offspring, in the deathless war they carried on, and the brilliancy of the victories won by them over the church's enemies, and in this also, alas ! that they struggled for the redemption and the nationality of a distracted people. Sobieski was also like him in his deep spirit of devotion, in his charming amenity in the private circle, in his self-possession and dignity in the most clamorous and disorderly debate, in the midst of perils—and, though last not least, in his sunny love of poetry. But, inasmuch as he also, like others, had in his favour the resources which O'Connell had arrayed against him, and that he achieved his victories, not by moral, but by military means, the resemblance ends, except that I should add, perhaps, that they were also like in this, that each of them had the rare destiny to identify his country's history with his own. The very forces which conspired to forward, and influence, and aggrandise the greatness of all these, were uniformly arranged against our hero. He had opposed to him the armies, the fleets, the British people, the treasury, the law, the parliaments, the King himself, and, more potent in this age perhaps than all, he had against him incessantly almost the whole artillery of the press. Do I exaggerate ?

I know that in comparing O'Connell with, or setting him above those characters who were preëminently great in the history of past ages, or above the conquerors of modern times, I expose myself to mockery. But let us look at the facts ; let us study the meaning of things, and endeavour to ascertain their value, before we come to a conclusion. He began his career as a private, humble individual, without following of any sort whatever. He was not unaware of the mighty work that was before him, or of the obstacles that lay in his way : but, with the prescience that ever belongs to genius, he, from the first moment, never seems to have doubted that he would be completely successful in an enterprise, which the world looked upon as the most wild and impracticable. An empire, the most vast that ever ruled the earth, the Romans of modern times, possessing a dominion on which the sun never sets, were the implacable and haughty oppressors of his race, and the unrelenting enemies of every thing that could emanate from it ; the enemies, too, of his religion, on which they long had trampled, and on whose brow they had long placed the brand of disgrace and exclusion. There were banded against him as one man the people, the houses of parliament, the nobility, the royal stock, even crowned majesty itself ; and the heir presumptive to the throne had registered a vow in Heaven that never—never should one professing the religion of O'Connell enter parliament, or be admitted within the precincts of the constitution ; the people were, throughout the land, as if by a spontaneous inspiration, shouting "No Popery" with a force that appeared implacable. All those had he to contend against. His opponents treated with contempt the very idea of his being ever able to succeed. When we consider the interests and pre-

judices he had to overcome—the prejudices of more than three centuries—during which the race to which he belonged had not only been trampled on and oppressed, but exposed to all the horrors of fire, famine, and the cruel persecution of laws fitted for the meridian of perdition, and designed to effect the complete extirpation of his race—when we consider all this, we may be able to form some slight conception of the difficulties, almost insurmountable, which he had to overcome. The attempt of a naked captive standing on the arena of the Flavian amphitheatre to overthrow the empire he beheld represented in that it's greatest temple, could hardly appear more desperate. Yet, O'Connell did not despair. He never suffered his courage to be damped, but went on like a man who, entertaining no doubt of the justice of his cause, did not entertain a single doubt of his success. He had to revive the courage of the people—to convince them that by following his counsels, by acting upon his principles, they would win their liberty—would win civil and religious liberty for themselves in the land that so long saw them enslaved, and that they would rid themselves of the serfdom and oppression of centuries.

But of this seeming paradox there is another proof so palpable that no one can refuse to admit it's force. M. Thiers, in his history of the Consulate and the Empire, has elaborately detailed the preparations made by Napoleon for his projected invasion and conquest of the British Islands. At the bare recital of them the very imagination itself grows dizzy. Success appeared inevitable; never before, and as the historian observes, never perhaps again, shall there be displayed such an array of military power and genius. We know the issue; and do we not also know that by means of *his* machinery for effecting conquests O'Connell succeeded in the very enterprise in which Napoleon failed—establishing for years a species of dictatorship in the affairs of England. It is not I who say this for the first time, nor you, my brethren, who know it; the English themselves indignantly proclaimed it. It was on that cry the Melbourne administration was driven out.

But granting what certainly is not the fact, that Charlemagne, Cæsar, Hannibal, or Napoleon, may have effected greater conquests than O'Connell; yet inasmuch as he had against him the resources by which they succeeded, and wrought by means which they would have scoffed at as chimerical, and which are yet most invincible in their efficacy, and beneficent in their action and their results, he is still to be placed above them. Between Cæsar and Napoleon, between Constantine and Charlemagne, there may be room for some comparison; but between them and O'Connell there is none, and for this obvious reason, that they every one of them achieved their conquests with the resources almost unlimited of empires at their back, with armies so numerous and brave that no valour could resist them—with treasures inexhaustible—with the sanction of the law and everything that could lend force to their exertions to bear down upon their foes and thus spread wide their empire. His predecessors conquered by brutal force; by agencies that spread desolation far and wide—

by the two-edged sword and by the winged artillery that rains amongst the brave a wide-wasting ruin which no breast-plate can resist or valour turn aside. They had for resources those great powers, potent for a time, and which when wielded with genius are irresistible, but which are weak notwithstanding, since we have seen the hoar frost and the snow reduce to nothing—to utter ruin—the greatest exhibition of such forces that was ever made. But O'Connell had for the means of achieving victories the force of opinion—the great power of truth, of virtue, and of eternal justice; and on these, more than on the shield and spear and the powers of artillery, had he confidence. Without the shedding of a drop of blood—the infliction of one single calamity, or causing one crime to be committed against the laws of God or man, he bore away every obstacle that impeded his progress, and rescued his country from slavery and degradation. This is what renders him unique in the history of mankind, and places him high above the most illustrious men of ancient or modern times. In his campaigns it is true that he desolated harvests, but they were those that were planted by misrule. He razed fortresses, but then they were strongholds of bigotry and oppression. There were occasions upon which he showed no quarter; but he shed no human blood in his great conquests, but only battled against the errors and crimes and prejudices of men. And while even in the most just wars—in the most beneficent enterprises that the great ones of history undertook—oceans of human blood were shed, crimes committed the most enormous, and the permanent interests of society and religion materially injured; by the prosecution of the means which O'Connell adopted society was caused to become more enlightened from day to day. Instead of anarchy, order was established, feuds were terminated, and fraternization amongst men encouraged. Virtue was placed in the ascendant, and conspiracy and crime were trampled under foot. Instead of being devoted to riot, drunkenness, and every species of excess, the troops which carried on the warfare that O'Connell led were practised in all the virtues that adorn the religious and social character. The humblest amongst them endeavoured to make himself in some degree at least acquainted with the great interests of the commonweal, and to inform himself of the bearing of distant nations on his own, in order to understand the great balance of power. O'Connell laboured to spread charity and kindness among his brethren, and to put an end to feuds and dissensions amongst them. Those were the means by which he triumphed; he continually proclaimed that he who committed a crime gave strength to his opponent—that he looked for no conquest, longed for no victory, but that which could be obtained without crime or a violation of the laws of God or man—that could not be looked down upon with a smile from Heaven. I myself have heard him declare, in the plenitude of his sincerity, that were the perfect liberty and nationality of his country offered him to-morrow, provided that it were to be won by any violent appeal to arms, with sovereign scorn and indignation he would have rejected it. Because, he said—and said it wisely—that such victories, when won by blood—

shed and by the triumph of one portion of a nation over another, always left behind them seeds of hatred and discontent which more than counterbalanced any advantages which might be obtained from such an issue. The triumphs obtained by force of arms are effected by bloodshed and violence, and leave behind them traces of misery and woe; whereas, O'Connell's victories were achieved by peaceable means, and conduced to the happiness and prosperity of his country, even by the very operation of the process by which he won them. He assimilated the great changes he effected as it were, by anticipation, with society; and you could no more uproot them now, than you could destroy that society itself. They will not only live for us, but spread throughout all nations. Already we see his doctrine taken up, and proclaimed with an enthusiasm which we never knew, by people that are far, far distant from us. His great system of political revolution is fast spreading through every nation. It will be hailed by them with a purer, a more persevering and consistent enthusiasm, than by ourselves. They never will discard his lessons; they will improve upon them, if that be possible, and make use of them to achieve liberty and independence for themselves. It was the course that O'Connell pursued—his adherence to peace, law, and order—his advocacy of morality and religion—that made him the benefactor, not only of his own, but of every nation on the earth—that rendered his name terrible to every despot, and the beacon of hope to all who were bound down in slavery. Viewing O'Connell's great achievements, and the moral means by which they were effected, nothing but the most stupid infatuation could induce any man to deny that he towers immeasurably superior to the most illustrious men whom the world has produced.

But it is not in these great achievements, or in the means that he adopted to effect them, that we are to look for the mainspring, the fountain-head of that great element of immortality, which has enabled his fame as it were to grapple with and conquer the tyrant death, so as to make him be swallowed up in victory. It is not in these victories we are to look for the spirit which prompted him, without the auxiliaries possessed by others, to march to enterprises that seemed too great even for the resources of the mightiest empire, without entertaining the slightest apprehensions of defeat.

At a period when men considered his achievements and glory were at an end—when the people turned with cold indifference from his invitations to join with him in a new struggle—you all know the confidence with which he proceeded on his course, and the triumphant success which crowned his efforts. You all know under what auspices he came forward in '43. All men laughed in scorn when he commenced his undertaking; but ere the year closed all the nations of the world stood mute, suspending, as it were, their most darling enterprises, in order to gaze in silent admiration upon such a spectacle as the history of the human race never before presented. That man, by his single voice, levied multitudes in peaceful insurrection, and established an *imperium in imperio*, the most perfect that it ever entered

into the mind of a Plato or an Aristotle to conceive, issuing orders that were obeyed as if they were behests from Heaven; gathering multitudes around him on the plains and hill-sides and in the cities; curbing them as he would a well-trained steed; checking them, as it were, in their headlong career, and making them carry into effect everything that he desired without violating the laws of God or man. In this great phase of his existence he effected those things; and though they are laughed at and ridiculed now, they will be remembered with astonishment to the remotest posterity. In that year he laid the inevitable foundation of this nation's independence—traced out the constitution by which it is to flourish and be protected from alien interference, but still linked by the golden attachment of the crown to the great realm beside it, with which, in commercial interests and in the memory of conquests achieved in its darling blood, it must ever be consorted. In that year his heart throbbed in anticipation of the destinies of his beloved Erin—of those glories, that retribution of prosperity which seemed oftentimes to delight him when standing on the hill-side drinking in patriotism at every glance, and pouring it out to listening and enraptured multitudes in matchless eloquence. In that year he achieved the wonder which enabled him to look forward with delight in a sort of prophetic inspiration to the realization of all those brilliant hopes.

But how did he achieve those wonders? By what force did he succeed? What power came to his aid that enabled him to stand alone and effect things which no other hero had ever dreamt of? I will tell you, and you know it already by long experience and intimate acquaintance with his life. O'Connell was great—greatest amongst all the heroes who flourish in history—without a parallel in the records of all time, for this simple reason, that he was an enthusiastic believer in the providence of Jesus Christ, and because, not alone in private life did he wish with all the intensity of his great soul to be His true and fervent disciple, but also in his public career, and in all the great enterprises in which he engaged. You know it. Slander cannot gain-say it. He ever made it the guiding star and principle of his policy to be in harmony with the religion of his church. Often has he proclaimed in my hearing, that the monster difficulty—the great obstacle to be surmounted, was to persuade the hierarchy and clergy of Ireland that a man could be sincere in his attachment to the altar, and yet ardent in prosecuting civil liberty.

Such was the disgrace that self-styled patriots had inflicted on the sacred cause—that cause beneficent and Heaven-descended—that it required from him more exertion, anxiety, and labour, to convince those who were ready to sacrifice every interest for the religion of the Redeemer, that they could seek for the reform of abuses in the state without aiming at the foundations of society as the continental reformers did—without warring upon the altar at the same time that they sent forward petitions to the throne.

Often he proclaimed that these were his great difficulties, and that,

these once surmounted, all the rest would be easy and perfectly plain before him.

You all remember that, when the republicans of Paris came to solicit him to advocate their cause, amongst the chief objections which he said prevented him, he stated, and that most emphatically, that he was thoroughly persuaded they never understood the true meaning of liberty, and never could be its champions because of the hostility they cherished to religion. Always he kept this great principle before him. He commenced all his enterprises by the invocation of Heaven's aid, and placed all the great things upon which he ventured under the special patronage of the Virgin Mother, whom he never failed to make his advocate. He never blushed to make profession of his faith, and was ever ready and eminently able to defend it. It was he who planted his giant heel upon the obscene and impious philosophism of Voltaire in Ireland, and crushed it to death.

These were the great principles that actuated his life. Here is the great mystery of all his policy. Hence it was that he seemed omnipotent, so that no obstacle could resist him, and that he achieved things that have filled all nations with astonishment. He believed in the providence of Jesus Christ as a reality. He did not, like Napoleon, at least like him in the days of his infatuated ambition—he did not, like others, lift himself up against Heaven—did not regard Christianity as a fable, but as a divinely established fact. Hence it was that he was borne up by a power irresistible; hence it was that his works remain and must remain for ever, because, by these great principles of his policy, he placed himself in perfect harmony with the universe.

In proposing his great reforms he based his arguments upon truth, intelligence, and immutable justice. These were the great emanations of the religion in which he believed, which he made the guiding star in every enterprise, and never failed to invoke in all his difficulties—which proved to be the harbinger of every triumph—his consolation in every adversity, and which never forsook him in all his trials, even to the last, when “death was swallowed up in victory.”

His devotion to religion was of the most earnest and fervent kind. He was indeed a Catholic, a faithful follower and disciple of the church of Christ—a man who would die to attest the sincerity and ardour of his faith, as willingly and as cheerfully as he lived and struggled to liberate and defend it. Yet there was nothing national in the religion of O'Connell, because as connected with the church nothing of the sort in reality exists. It was his boast in life that he was “*Plus Papiste que le Pape*.”

It has been made a reproach on his memory by the *Standard* newspaper, that he was a Papist and nothing more. That journal has said he was a Papist—that whatever there was inexplicable in the history of O'Connell was explained by that fact. The *Court Gazette* of Berlin took up the word, and reëchoed it in Germany. Well, he was in faith a Papist, and he gloried in the title.

He loved and revered the Pope. How often during his pilgrimage

did he wish that he were arrived at the Eternal City, in order to humble himself at the feet of the representative of Jesus Christ on earth. He fervently believed in those promises made to St. Peter, and was confident that they guaranteed the existence of the Papacy while the world lasts. He indeed believed that the church was established on the rock—the sure foundation; and that the gates of Hell should not prevail against it. There lay the whole mystery of his greatness.

I will give a proof of this, supplied by one who does not belong to that church. Some eight or nine years since, when the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay was making an apology before his constituents in the capital of Scotland for not having taken a part in the persecution of the Irish people, he spoke somewhat to the following effect :

“Not during one or twenty administrations, but during seven centuries, we have used the sword against the Irish—we have made experiment of famine—we resorted to every act of Draconian laws—we have tried ruthless extermination,—not to trample down or extinguish a hated race, but to root out every vestige of them from the land that gave them birth. But what has happened? Have we succeeded? We have not been able to extirpate or even to weaken them. They have actually increased, after all our persecution of them, from two to five, from five to seven, from seven to nine millions; and they are gathering round us like a deluge; they are invading our borders, apparently threatening to swamp our institutions, if not to overwhelm ourselves. Are we, then, to revert to the obsolete policy of the past, and, continuing the policy of seven centuries, make them stronger by persecution?”

“I am not ignorant of history; I have studied history; but in that science I confess my incapacity to find for this fact a satisfactory explanation; but, could I, when standing beneath the dome of St. Peter's church at Rome, peruse with the faith of a Roman Catholic the inscription which is emblazoned around it—‘**THOU ART PETER, AND ON THIS ROCK WILL I BUILD MY CHURCH; AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT**’—then could I solve the enigma of Irish history.”

Well, O'Connell read the inscription thus: and hence his power, his success, his unrivalled greatness. Hence his success. Hence the courage, constancy, and devotion with which he fought the battle of liberty and religion. In fact, he believed the promises of Christ to Peter. He stood on the rock of ages—he was ever ready to sacrifice liberty, which he loved so well—home, country, life itself, for the Catholic faith, for the successors of Peter. See what he has done. In dying he bequeathed his heart to Rome. He sent his heart there, as he could not go himself, to pay allegiance to the head of the church, and as the great Ventura has well observed, this was a consummation well worthy of such a career as his. And lest in all this I should seem to exaggerate, or give room for these calumnies which never failed to track him during his existence—here is the record of the manner in which he sanctified each day. I quote from the little book which we were in habit of using daily while I was with him. When far from his home and this country he loved, he exhibited how well prepared he

was to meet the King of Terrors—how well his faith and his life had prepared him for the last scene. He manifested the utmost disregard for everything by which men are allured in the pride of life. It was a pain and an annoyance to him to hear any subject spoken of but that which related to Heaven and his immortal soul. He did not wish to hear those about him speak of anything but the mercies, love, and judgments of God. He was then, at least, no hypocrite. Then, at least, let even his enemies believe, he was in earnest. His first prayer in the morning was the doxology, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever more shall be, world without end." This was the salutation with which he hailed the dawn, and made oblation of his being to its Author. His first prayer was this:

"Receive, O Lord, my entire liberty, my memory, my understanding, and my whole will. Whatever I have and all that I possess, thou hast bestowed upon me. To thee I return all, and I surrender all to be governed entirely by thy will. Grant me only thy grace, and thy love, and I am rich enough, nor do I desire anything more." Then next he said:—

"Remember, O most compassionate Virgin Mary! that, from all ages, it is unheard of, that any one was forsaken, who, placing himself under thy maternal protection, implored thy assistance, and begged the favour of thy prayers. Animated with the confidence which this inspires, I fly to thee, O Virgin of virgins, and Mother of my God! and in the bitterness of my sorrow, I throw myself at thy feet. O Mother of the Eternal Word! despise not my humble supplication, but listen graciously, and mercifully grant the request, which from my heart I make thee. Amen." He was not satisfied with this, but added:—

"Remember, O Most Blessed Virgin Mary! that no one ever had recourse to your protection, implored your assistance, or sought your meditation, without obtaining relief.

"Confiding, therefore, in your goodness, behold me, a wretched sinner, sighing out my sins before you—beseeching you to adopt me for your child, and to take upon you the care of my eternal salvation.

"Despise not, O Mother of Jesus, the petition of your wretched client; but hear and grant my prayer. Amen" And then concluded thus:—

"O my Lord Jesus Christ! the true Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world! by Thy mercy, which is infinite, pardon my iniquities, and by Thy sacred passion preserve me this day from all sin and evil.

"I carry about me this Holy Agnus in Thine honour, and as an incentive to the practice of that meekness, humility, and innocence which Thou hast taught.

"I offer myself up to Thee as an entire oblation, and in memory of that sacrifice of love which Thou hast made for me upon the cross, and in satisfaction for my sins.

"Accept, O my God, the oblation I make, and may it be acceptable to Thee in the odour of sweetness. Amen."

He recited every day his decade of the Rosary—the day was closed with the Litany of our Blessed Lady. As to the adorable Name, when

alone or unobserved, it was almost perpetually upon his lips. M. Lacour, the physician who accompanied us from Lyons, has assured me often, that nothing ever so impressed him with religious awe and fervour as the sight of this great Christian when thus engaged in prayer.

These were amongst his aspirations. His thought were, without interruption, fixed upon eternity. Each day and night he consecrated his sufferings, and they were acute and cruel, as an expiation to his God; he invoked His aid in the name of our blessed Saviour; he listened to a spiritual lecture; and as we journeyed along the plains and mountains and rushing streams, his conversation turned still upon eternity. He would express a wish to hear some portion of the Sermon on the Mount, or those parables which are set like jewels in the life of Christ. Never did any man hear him utter a word of complaint, of bitterness, or of retaliation against one human being that ever did him wrong; but if within his hearing any observations were made, reflecting upon the worst of his enemies, he was sure to come forward with some meek and unostentatious apology to make allowance in his magnanimity for their errors. Day after day, when we had an opportunity of giving him such intelligence, he loved above all things to hear a word about his country—how it fared with the poor suffering people, and when the information was given he was silent. His heart was busy, and you might see it in his countenance, but he broke not into complaint. The distress of his countrymen, whom he dearly loved, preyed upon his mind. The last time his voice was raised in public was in demanding and imploring the intervention of the parliament in their behalf. He loved his country to the last, and it was the griefs of a patriot that killed him. It happened that I was with him some few hours before he departed from the shores of Ireland for the last time, and he was downcast, almost prostrate on the earth. My poor words were uttered to bring his courage—to cheer him to the enterprise of mercy on which he sped, but he observed, “Alas, my dear friend, it is all over. I know the vastness of this calamity. I have been proclaiming it for months, for a year, and they would not believe me. They believe it now, but they have no idea of its vastness. I think I can form some conception of its extent, and it is this that is killing me. I know there is no remedy.” And when I alleged to him that now, at least, they would believe that he did not speak in mockery, but that truth almost prophetic was on his lips—that standing in the Commons’ House demanding and imploring aid for perishing millions, his voice would be listened to with respect, and properly responded to, he replied, “Alas, I feel that I am gone. My physical power has departed from me. My voice is almost mute; I know what is to be effected, and it is by reason of my conviction of my own incapacity to do it, that I am oppressed with grief.” He carried this mountain on his breast. It was ever with him; and while he hoped in Heaven that the day of triumph and consolation would arise, he loved too well his people not to have his noble heart oppressed by grief for their miseries. Yes, even his enemies admitted that he died a patriot; but it was left for a recreant Irishman, one who is a disgrace to the altar at which he was baptised, as well as to soil that gave him birth, to give utterance to a sentiment which must

go down as infamous in history. They were speaking of O'Connell in a foreign city, and of how he died, when this person said—"Confound him! I could have forgiven O'Connell every thing but that he died a patriot!" Yes, his love of country was grand and invincible because it was sanctified by his love of religion. He knew that without religion there is no true liberty, no genuine patriotism, and no genuine religion without fealty to Rome. With such convictions, endowed prominently as he was with genius, no wonder he effected such wonders as none other ever did; less wonderful still that the means to effect them which he adopted were not those of brute force, but such as we have described. He had the example of primitive Christianity before him, and conducted by him upon his principles the history of his country in those days seems but a counterpart of those victories which in the early and martyr ages of the Church, were achieved over Pagan might and over all the glories and princely magnificence of Imperial Rome.

Of his eloquence what should I say in the presence of those who have often heard it? My views of it are better expressed in the language of another than in my own:—"The eloquence of O'Connell seemed, from the very first time he spoke, to be something almost marvellous. It united within itself every characteristic excellence which, separately, constituted the glory of the most famous orators of ancient Greece and Rome; the argumentativeness of *Æschines*, the vigour of *Demosthenes*, and the dignity of *Hortensius*, with the polished finish of *Cicero*, and *Phocion's* readiness at repartee. In parliament O'Connell was an orator of enlarged views, and ever prepared with expedient and practical suggestions. The elevation of his sentiments and the majesty of his language, enabled him, with unrivalled felicity, to explain and resolve the most difficult questions of statesmanship; so that, whilst his rivals were filled with jealous rage, they were also forced to bow down before his unapproachable superiority. And, as he never rose amongst the assembled Commons to speak, that he did not command the profound attention of the assembly, so when he ceased, he invariably left his auditors in an ecstasy of silent admiration. As a barrister he exhibited in his pleadings that accurate apprehension, that wonderful precision of language, and that extensive knowledge of English law, which enabled him to deduce from the chaos of the latter, arguments almost uniformly in favour of his client. In popular assemblies he was, as an orator, ever vivid, nervous, ardent, and bold—but never rash; frank without insolence—condescending, and, at the same time, august—he approached the people, descending down to their language, gathered to himself their sentiments, and then, lifting them up to his own height, he bound them to himself without resistance. Thus the master of all their affections, and having their feelings under his command, whilst he abounded in all the devices of oratory, and was rich in all the resources of language, he could give free scope to his impulses, or bring to bear the object he had in view; now moving his hearers by the pathos of elegy—now entrancing them by strains that fell as solemnly on the ears as the holy chanting of a psalm, and now exciting them with the bitterness of his satire, and then charming them with a narration which had all the grace of a romance. His words were, by turns, a

light to guide, and a thunderbolt to terrify; he combined within himself the wisdom of a statesman, and the awe-inspiring dignity of a prophet. No man better than he could excite the passions of the people, nor restrain them; no man ever endeared himself more to the people, nor was more successful in directing them; and from his lips they could hear the bitterest truth, whilst they but loved him the more from the manner in which he told it. The whole history of eloquence, in short, cannot furnish an example of a more perfect orator—of one more varied, more original, more inexhaustible, more vivid, more impetuous, or more powerful.

Now that we have thus seen, obscurely though it be, and but in brief, his titles, not alone to our gratitude, but to the admiration of the universe, will you forgive me if, throwing myself almost by abandonment on your kindness, I rid my heart and conscience of one thought as to the place where, in my opinion, you should make his grave. It is my opinion, and humbly I propound it, that his destiny, so far as depends on us, will not be complete unless you place his grave within the island abbey of Darrynane, which he loved so well—which has been associated with the memory of his boyhood, and in which, in his days of renown, I may say of his inspiration and genius, he wished that his body, until the resurrection, should repose. He said in 1843, and you all remember the echo of his words:—"No, men of Kerry, the man who animated the Repealers of other places is your brother Kerryman. Yes, for I was born amongst you; the echoes of the mountain stream by which my infancy was nursed are, I fancy, murmuring again in my ears. Yes, I am close to the scene of my earlier days, within view of my native mountains, and within the sound of the stream that spoke to me in earlier life in tones of immortality (hear, hear). Yes, we were ever loyal to our religion, our allegiance, and our country (cheers). I am proud of you, men of Kerry (increased cheering). I WAS BORN AMONGST YOUR MOUNTAINS, AND AMONGST THEM SHALL BE MY GRAVE, though my name will go down as having burst the fetters of my countrymen, and given them liberty and peace (renewed acclamation)." I am not ignorant of dispositions that may appear contradictory to these, or of wishes that he may have since expressed; but when I consider how appropriate that scene would be—not only as the source from which he derived the inspiration of his unrivalled eloquence, and where he meditated his plans for the achievement of his country's rights—but in the full conviction that if that place were made his grave, there would spring up around it an influence which would perpetuate his memory with benediction for his country—an influence that would strengthen and extend the great system he invented, and the efficiency of which, to achieve and defend the liberties of his country he so triumphantly proved—an influence that would be felt, far and wide, defending the liberties of the Church and the nation, succouring the distressed, instructing the ignorant, evoking the true glories of our country's astounding history, and knitting us more firmly with that holy place for ever where now his heart reposes. But wherever his body lies, his heart, at least, is where it ought to be. His memory is far removed above the assaults of human power; his enemies may endeavour to detract from his merits, or darken the lustre of his fame; but it will be in vain. His

fame and his glory are placed on an imperishable basis, and will be recognised and admired by the latest posterity. But standing now, as I may say, upon his grave, I will not profane it by any reply to the calumnies of those who have traduced him, even in death, who have sought not only to trample on his lifeless body, but to soil and asperse his immortal spirit. No; under the circumstances in which we stand, with his great works before us, sanctioned and praised as they have been—we will not profane his rest or insult his glory, by attempting to defend him. For what are the feelings which these attacks have excited in the breasts of all honourable and upright men? Not feelings even of fiery indignation; but shame and humiliation the most sickening, to think of the odious and detestable excesses to which our sin-infected nature can be driven when, abandoned as if reprobate of Heaven, it is left to be the influence of its own propensities. No—we will banish from us every such irritating recollection. Beside his grave, his tomb, where death is swallowed up in victory, we will give room to nothing but the thoughts of religious triumph and thanks to God who has rendered this His servant such a glorious example of the power of His grace, who ever supported and guided him in his undertakings, and who will not fail to open for him the gates of eternal blessing.

I need not conjure you, my most reverend lords and fathers, that he who liberated our altars and conferred on the church such unexampled liberties, should never be forgotten by you when offering the Spotless Victim. Need I supplicate of my own very reverend and reverend brethren, that those altars which he set free shall never be ascended by them without a memento for O'Connell's soul; or the faithful people whom he liberated from bondage—who were introduced by his exertions into all the blessings of the constitution—who are no longer aliens in the land that gave them birth, but invested with the rights of citizenship—need I implore of them, as they feel gratitude for his great services—as they would not brand themselves for ever with the stain most disgraceful to humanity—to pledge themselves by vow, in presence of his mortal remains now there before them, that through life they shall be faithful to his principles—that nothing shall be ever able to beguile them again from that great theory established by him, which is the wonder of the world, and which has won for his country so many bloodless triumphs.

We will pledge ourselves around his tomb to bury all our differences in oblivion, and to work together for the interest of that country that he loved so well. We will pledge ourselves to maintain his principles inviolate—to violate no law of God or man—to rely not on the sabre or artillery, but on the universal principles of truth, morality, and justice, by which O'Connell achieved so many triumphs, by which his name was rendered terrible to the oppressor, and the hope of the oppressed—which caused him to be held in veneration by multitudes in every clime who paid honour to his lifeless body, and were almost ready to suffer death along with him on account of the great things he had effected. Joined together in the communion of that holy Roman Catholic church of which he was a faithful servant, by the love of which he guided his people unto liberty, and which enabled him to overcome so many difficulties; united in one common supplication

around God's altar, let us implore for his soul eternal rest, invoking Saint Patrick, the Apostle of our country, and the great saints innumerable that have shed a lustre upon this land of benediction—the martyrs who have suffered for that church—and above all, that Mother of Mercy—that Star of the Sea—that Comfortress of the Afflicted, to whom, even in childlike devotion, he addressed his supplications for her intercession. To her let our prayers ascend, that her virgin, spotless hands may be lifted to her divine Son, to obtain for him a lot amongst the just for ever; that though his body may for a while be consigned to the grave, it may hear the note of triumph from the Archangel's trumpet calling upon it to be reunited to the spirit already in beatitude—to enjoy the crown that by his fidelity he hath secured—to receive the blessing of the Saviour, and abide for all eternity with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to whom be all honour, praise, and glory, now and for ever more.—Amen.

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES AT ROME.

The following letter is from the pen of the VERY REV. DR. KIRBY, a native of Waterford, and now Vice-President of the Irish College at the centre of Catholic unity, and directed to the RIGHT REV. DR. O'HIGGINS, Bishop of Ardagh. The respect in which the talents of the reverend writer are held at Rome, and his known devotion to O'Connell, may be estimated from the fact that he was appointed to preach the first funeral oration at the obsequies of his illustrious countryman in the Church of Saint Agatha.—*Freeman's Journal*.

Rome, Irish College,
Eve of the Holy Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul.

MY DEAR LORD,

The grand funeral service for the repose of the soul of the beloved Liberator of Ireland, has just concluded in the Church of Saint Andrea della Valle. It is wholly out of my power to give your lordship an idea of its grandeur and magnificence.

From an early hour in the morning priests from all parts of the globe, from the rising to the setting of the Sun, incessantly offered up the Adorable Sacrifice for the repose of him through whose means the altars of Catholic Ireland and of Great Britain were set free. On the exterior of the church, over the great door, were placed the arms of the O'Connell family, splendidly executed on a large scale. Beneath them stood the splendid inscription, which most probably has reached your lordship through other sources before now. There were five similar large inscriptions. Three of them were placed on the pedestal, or rather they formed the exterior of the pedestal itself, which sustained the immense and more than princely mausoleum erected by the good "*ordo populusque Romanus*" to the memory of Ireland's Liberator.

To give your lordship any sufficient idea of the greatness, the magnificence, or the beauty of this splendid structure, is quite impossible, at least to my very humble powers. It was about sixty feet high, and divided into several compartments, each adorned by paintings in *chiaro scuro*, descriptive of the most memorable achievements of O'Connell's valuable life, or by other expressive emblems alluding to his victories. The four angles of each noble compartment were adorned by gorgeous candelabra of immense size and exquisite workmanship, lit up with a profusion of wax lights. The front of the lower part or pedestal represented a magnificent bronze door, over which was read in large letters, "*In memoria aeterna erit justus*." In the front of the second compartment was a large medallion of the Liberator in excellent *basso relievo*. It represented him breathing forth his pure soul, with the crucifix in his hands, to his Creator. Above it was the beautiful and appropriate text, "*Pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus*." At either side were paintings in *chiaro scuro*, representing some of the most remarkable facts of the Liberator's life.

One, for instance, represented him coming out in triumph from his glorious captivity. The "Help of Christians" was seen at one side and O'Connell pointing to her. Beneath this painting were the words, "and in bonds she left him not,"—"et in vinculis non dereliquit eum." A profusion of wax lights burned round the image of the expiring father of his country.

It is really out of my power to give your lordship any idea of the enthusiasm that pervaded the bosoms of all classes of the citizens, and of all orders of the hierarchy, from the august Pontiff who fills the everlasting chair of Peter to the humblest acolyte on this occasion.

The spacious and noble temple of Saint Andrew was crowded to excess. It was moving, consoling, and edifying in the highest degree to see with what recollection all assisted at the touching ceremonies which accompanied the celebration of the funeral service. Numbers offered up the holy communion for his eternal repose. Several monasteries of the pure and holy virgins of Christ united their fervent prayers and communions to the suffrages of our holy mother the church for the repose of him whose whole life was directed to the defence of religion and of the rights of his country by the only weapons which that church approves of, those of peaceful and legitimate exertion. As to the funeral oration, I shall only say that the great orator, Father Ventura, laid down in the most masterly manner the doctrine of the church regarding the manner by which a Catholic people should seek a redress from unjust and oppressive laws; and this doctrine he most powerfully illustrated by the life of Ireland's Liberator. The applause with which this memorable piece of Christian oratory was received by all orders of the Roman people, must afford the greatest consolation to Catholic Ireland, and will no doubt afford a fresh and irresistible stimulus to all to preserve with unceasing, but legitimate energy, to defend to the last the sacred liberties of the church from the aggressions of heretical innovation, and to wrest the independence of their country from political degradation.

JUNE 30.—Another magnificent funeral took place to-day. It was got up by the Roman branch of the Association for the propagation of the faith. The Archbishop of Nicomedia pontificated. The Great Penitentiary, his Eminence Cardinal Castracani, gave the absolution at the tomb, and Padre Ventura delivered a second funeral oration, or rather completed, with the most powerful effect, the discourse, to the first part of which he devoted about two hours on Monday. His Holiness most graciously gave the gorgeous vestments of his own Capella for both occasions. Oh, may God bless this great Pontiff. Oh, may Ireland, by her love and devotion towards our holy religion, the true basis of all liberty, may she by her attachment to the see of Peter, that rock, against which the gates of Hell shall never prevail, may Catholic Ireland, by her great hatred for bloodshed and revolutionary doctrines, and by her attachment to peace, order and piety, and her docility to the admonitions of her faithful clergy, ever show herself worthy of the respect which she has received on these days, from the people, clergy and sacred Pontiff of the everlasting city. Oh, my dearest Lord! what a treasure do we not possess in our Holy Catholic faith? It is that faith that has rendered our country the most renowned amongst the nations of the earth. It is the attachment of Ireland towards that faith, it is because all her political struggles were based on the unerring teaching of that faith, that has rendered her now the object of the sympathy, the respect, and the love of the entire world. Yes, Catholic Ireland shines forth now, even in the sufferings of her afflicted and trampled, but patient and religious children, an object incomparably more glorious and sublime than money-making, scornful, proud and heretical England, with all her wealth and dominions. Oh, how truly has the inspired writer said "*Justitia elevat gentem.*" Justice, the true justice, which true faith confers, can alone elevate and ennoble a nation, whilst on the contrary—*miseros fecit homines peccatum*—sin, wickedness, especially heresy, the greatest of all wickedness of which man can be guilty—it is that which renders a people miserable and degraded. From such degradation, oh! may the God of Saint Patrick and of Pius the Ninth preserve the Island of Saints!

All Rome will be anxious to learn the account of the noble religious reception which awaits the venerated remains of the Liberator on their arrival in Ireland.

I send your lordship the *Pallade* which, gives a brief sketch of Monday's funeral. A number of most beautiful poetical compositions have already appeared in Rome, in praise of the "*Ero della Fede e dell' Irlanda,*" as our beloved Liberator is here styled.

Believe me, my dear Lord, with sentiments of the most profound respect and veneration, your lordship's devoted servant.

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